Ain't I a Woman? Volume No 14 April 2, 1971 25¢

CK·RISING YEAST CELL AND REVOLUTIONARY ART COLLECTIVE POSTER BY THE RED STAR QUI
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WOMEN-

PICK UP

FEMALE

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A POSTER BY THE RED STAR QUICK RISING YEAST CELL AND REVOLUTIONARY ART COLLECTIVE POSTER BY THE RED STAR QUICK RISING YEAST CELL
AND REVOLUTIONARY ART COLLECTIVE POSTER BY THE RED STAR QUICK RISING YEAST CELL

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Chapel

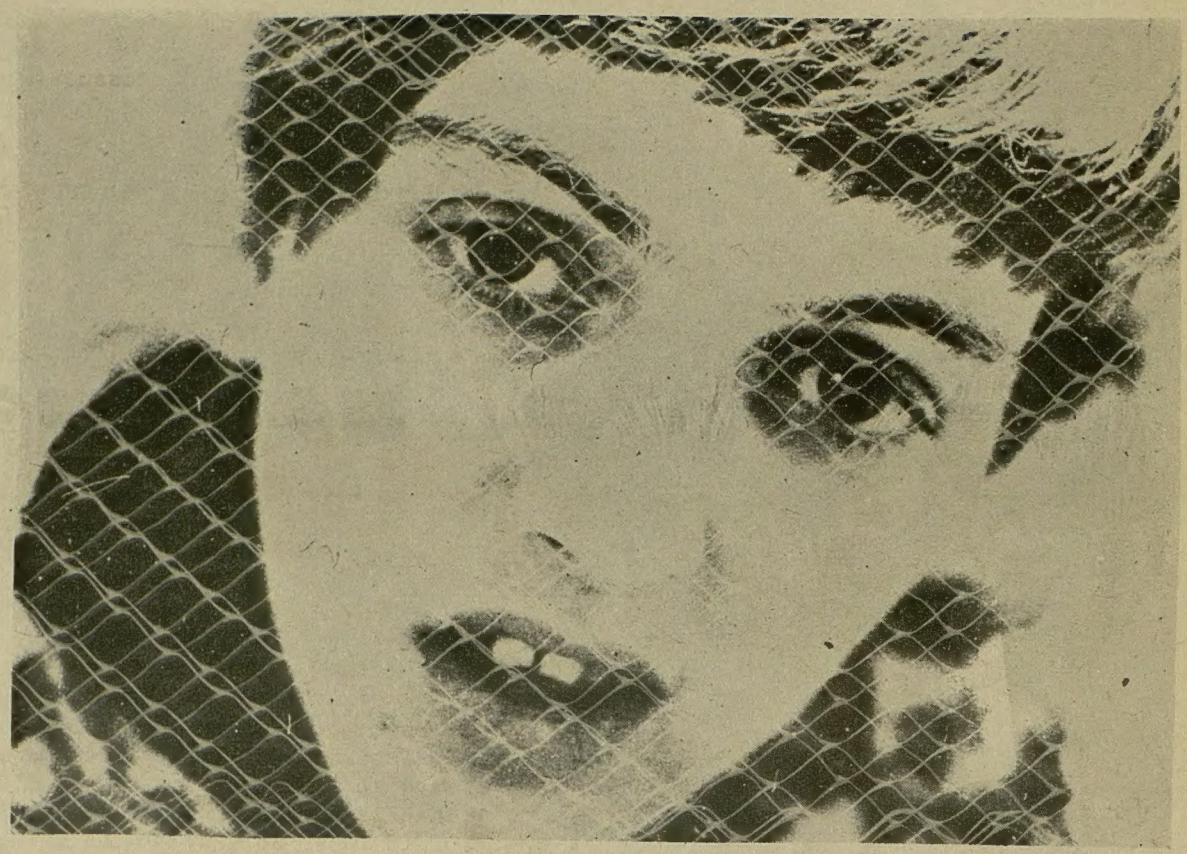
ah, cheryl, it's ending the march & here you are
just never, never getting yourself together
it seems fisted, usually & then, just when
your fingers slowly uncurl
the moment is passed & you're left
quickly re-clenching
hoping nobody noticed, saw

you've passed another year &
you talk about changes
moving like a poem
on someone else's propaganda
you're so conscious you
recognise those prophetic vibrations
you can see yourself in history
& that, my darling, takes distance
distance
from me, from those not terribly significant
--you believe--
in the final totalling of your-- and my--life

i admire you
god knows, i do that
but just let me say
that your calm control, your hand
ah my perfect one
is strangling me.
no--that is too harsh
you allow me only your counter-revolutionary moments
now see--see again what i have had to do

don't, my only lover, listen & analyse
don't, cheryl cheryl, feel me through your armor
through your political preceptions
have the courage, little one little one, to destroy
me or set me free.

love, cheryl



6/8

.....there's some words i could say here
and you've probably heard them
before, not from me
and this song won't resolve anything
i just like to sing

.....i get off on you
i feel glad just to see you smile
when you say
"we had another good day"
want you to stay....

.....like a poem we knew
said "seeing the smile in your eyes
i have forgotten
that people die"
well, i heard that before
there was you
but it's true,
and there's more
not to remember

not to remember
don't want to remember
any other way of livin'
i want to hold on to you
cause our life has been lies
and there's nothin' i believe in
but you're leavin'
cause for you there's somewhere
to be goin'

.....thinkin' 'bout me
thinkin' 'bout me
hey, don't you think about me
sometimes, when you see
yourself slippin' away,
disappearin'
can you see yourself sayin
i want to hold on to you
i want to hold on to you
cause i'm goin' through changes

don't want to remember
don't want to remember
any other way of livin'
i want to hold on to you
cause our life has been lies
and there's nothin' i believe in
but you, and you're leavin'
and i won't be the one to be holdin'
holdin' you back
from the way that you're goin'

.. it was a bad dream last night
and i woke up cold
in the morning
.. i want to hold on now
i want to hold on to you,
i want to hold on to you

We first decided to try and write an article on our living collective because it seemed important to us that our experiences be communicated and analysed in some way. We all feel that women have to learn to live together and support each other and we thought some collective effort at describing our collective and the problems we had to (or still have to) solve would help other women. Only three women out of the seven now living together wrote articles and although all seven of us have discussed the articles it still is not a complete picture. More importantly, there is so much we have not mentioned at all. We haven't really talked about the political work all of us do or fully described our relationship to women's liberation groups in Iowa City.

After examining our articles it was noted that we sounded more like marxists than feminists because we dealt so heavily with the economics of our collective and almost totally ignored the feminist haven--the sub-culture that had grown. It is so much easier to speak in economic terms. Our culture is still so new, so much a feeling. Also in trying to analyze things which have happened we tended to dwell on the problems and hardly any of us mentioned any of the really nice changes, really nice experiences that happen within and because of our amazon ghetto. What we have written we think describes some aspects of living together that are important but we plan on writing more in a future issue to deal with what we have omitted--what is particular to a feminist living collective.

LIVING COLLECTIVE COLLECTIVE LIVING

When we first decided to form the living collective we thought in terms of finding ways to live together that would be better than ways we all were living individually or in twos. So many of the things we decided to do were solutions to the problems caused by the way things were then done. For example, by eating communally and sharing the tasks involved in food preparation, each of us could only have to cook once a week, we could eat better and cheaper, and be relieved of much of the labor we each did preparing meals and washing dishes for ourselves. Similarly, by pooling our money resources not all of us would have to work at jobs we hated; we could equalize economic privileges to some extent, and people would have time to do political work. It isn't really a question of whether these solutions worked or not that caused problems in living together. What I think we discovered instead were new problems.

The solutions we worked out to old problems to some extent did work and to a great extent old problems were solved. But by creating a new space, by going on to a different way of living we encountered not happiness ever after but a set of new problems to struggle with. This was perhaps the thing most misunderstood by ourselves and women out side of our living collective. We would look at our situation and think we had done all this to correct problems and yet we still had problems. We and those outside of the house saw our problems as evidence of failure instead of seeing them as new problems to deal with, new problems that could only have been recognized in new situations. Unlike the problems we were familiar with all our lives, the new ones could not be dealt with in old conventional ways.

In the situation we created for ourselves we all in some way experienced real changes in our time and responsibilities. Many of us had more time because some of us no longer had to work, some of us didn't have to spend the amount of time at housework as we had before, by pooling cars many of us had transportation available that we hadn't before, etc.

For some women, those who continue to work or go to school or both, experienced a decrease in time because of the new demands of collective lifestyles (re-arranging ourselves). Emotional traumas, everyday hassles and such were increased by the number of extra people each of us were relating to. Our responsibilities also changed drastically but in a nebulous, undefined way. Suddenly we had a responsibility to take care of each other, a responsibility to everyone else in the house, a responsibility for their financial and emotional security. These responsibilities, always spoken of in either idealistic or fairly nebulous terms, were hard to deal with 'cause there were no societal standards or conventions to use as there are in responsibilities to your job, nuclear family, etc. This vaguely defined responsibility caused all of us to sometimes feel guilty, sometimes feel very let down, or confused as to what people expected of us or what we could expect from them. How much of this could have been avoided none of us know. Venturing in a new life style has to be somewhat ambiguous but we could have perhaps tried to define responsibility more clearly. Doing this would have probably kept us from being as idealistic as werwere. Somehow if we had spelled it all out, we may have known immediately that we couldn't expect as much of each other as we did.

The changes we went through with time are really interesting. I personally experienced more time and that caused problems in scheduling myself to be somewhat productive. I found that I had more time spent on personal relationships and emotional problems. I found it hard to handle dealing with things like this at a high intensity. But, that probably happened 'cause I had the time to let it happen and 'cause I was relating at a deeper level to more people than before. I always spent as much time as I could on personal relationships but never had enough time to really get all wrapped up in them, analyzing peoples' actions, interpreting and reinterpreting at all levels - 'cause I always worked. I always thought people all hung up like that were crazy - never realized probably everyone does it when they have the time, e.g. housewives all wrapped up in family relations.

The changes in time we experienced were pretty determined by outside material conditions, e.g. who could get jobs and what kind of jobs. I think we have to be able to live collectively, support each other to be able to change those conditions. Consequently we must find ways to utilize extra time, ways of changing our heads as to what labor is prestigious. We can now all agree that things would be better if we all had part-time jobs but that isn't really feasible, as it is important that we find other ways to deal with the conditions we have no choice but to live with, without letting them destroy us.

One mistake we made was in defining the responsibility we had to each other. We seemed to waver between the priority of caring for each other and the priority of being responsible for W.L. in Iowa City. Once we started to realize that we had to make our living situation bearable for ourselves, the house was happier and our relationships to other W.L. members improved. This meant sometimes saying no to crashers when members of the house felt they couldn't handle having extra people around, and not having as many meetings here, and being honest with outsiders about the problems of collective living and about our first concern being the well-being of collective members in all matters concerning the house and its relationship to W.L.

Despite all I can say about the hassles of collective living, it by and large has been a really good change for me. I have related to more people than ever before, have learned to love and trust more women and realize I am no exception, not alone. I now have an optimism about women working together than I never had.

The Political Economy of Collectives

Our collective began in early June, nearly one year ago. At that time our financial situation was quite good: four people out of eight had jobs and in addition to that many of us put part of our savings in the collective checking account. Our monthly expenses did not exceed our income until fall when we found ourselves with only two people employed, one bringing in $273/mo. and the other $95/mo. We didn't feel the pressure of having our expenses be more than our income until November when our savings ran out.

There were class differences between the individuals in the collective that resulted in feelings of inequality. These became worse when our financial situation became acute - power relationships between us deepened along economic and class lines. At a recent collective meeting when we were finally able to talk about the economic relationships between us, we noted the prestige value attached to the work that each of us did within the frame of reference of the collective. We concluded that the only work that had any prestige value, or brought to the doer collective respect, was work which furthered the existence of the collective, i.e., work which brought in money. This was obvious especially when money became a major concern to the life of the collective, then those of us who made money became more necessary or important. In other words the political work done by the unemployed members of the collective, which should have entitled them to some respect, did not because it was not basically important to the life of the collective. We found that we could not escape the prestige value of the outer culture.

One of our original intents in picking a collective, socialist way of life was that it would free some people to do political work. Periodically we planned on switching and those doing political work would get jobs giving those that had been employed the opportunity to spend their time on political things. Now we see this idea as very naive, a decision made without considering the economic reality of society. It was idealistic of us not to consider our class differences and realize that because of them some of us would have access to jobs that pay more, or to consider that in the middle of hard times it would be impossible for someone who was working as a teacher to be replaced by someone who could only get a secretary's salary. Also that in this society the jobs one can quit or that are defined within a time limit like a year or nine months are those obtainable by people with certain economic privileges. Secretaries and waitresses just can't quit and expect to be rehired later. Jobs for people who haven't had class privileges like education are also hard to find.

We now realize that there are many things that we should have done differently. We should have done more planning, budgeted our expenses for each week, and done more discussion of our financial situation so that everyone was informed of it. Financial decisions should have been more collective and there should have been more discussion of class. During one collective meeting we discussed the different ways we had power over each other, for instance, who could drive and who had to be driven and how it felt to be tied down to the house unless someone could drive you. That discussion was very helpful to all of us, making us more sensitive to each other. Hopefully discussions of class would also be so helpful.

Another thing we should have been more regimented about was getting jobs. We were aware that eventually our savings would run out, but we left it up to individuals to get jobs -- no collective decision was made like a date by which certain people had to have jobs. As a result of the unsureness, individuals haphazardly looked for jobs and felt guilty when they weren't looking. The work of looking for a job was given no collective prestige value. If each woman had a certain date by which she had to be employed, and when the time came she was still unable to find a job, we would have been forced then to deal with our economic reality.

From the Perspective of one of the Dependents

From the very beginning of the collective, I worried about money. I worried about having enough money; I worried about being in the position of dependence; I worried about the resentments I had toward the other women because they came from middle class backgrounds. Everyone else seemed so confident that everything would work out that I finally stopped worrying to some extent and started to trust everyone, feeling less class resentment than I ever have. I knew that if everyone worried as much as I did, we never would have even tried to live collectively so I began to trust the good intentions and financial confidence of my sisters.

After living in the collective only a short time my job was terminated and for the first time in my life I didn't have to immediately look for a new job. I suddenly had lots of time and could spend it on women's liberation activities. However, I felt really guilty not working and couldn't believe no one was going to get on my back about it. I never really did get over feeling that way but still changed more than I ever thought I could. I began to really trust my sisters and not resent them for the privileges they had had. I started to almost believe I had a right not to work, a right to free time.

When our financial situation became obviously bad, I felt all the old resentments and guilt feelings again. I started to feel like a dependent that people had to take care of. I resented the fact that I would have to get a shit job again - that I would have to work full time to earn what some of my sisters could earn part time; that I would have to be phoney and straight at any job I could get; that I didn't have any extra money or money from my parents so I could not escape on vacations or buying sprees. Some of the other women could. If the collective had no money, I had no money. I started to feel guilty for any expenses I had separate from expenses we all had, e.g. cigarettes. I really resented the options the other women had.

When I couldn't find a job, I got more resentful, depressed, and scared. Scared because if the collective ended I had nothing to fall back on; resentful because others did; depressed because looking for jobs was awful. I think I started to feel embarrassed because I couldn't find one, embarrassed because I had to look for shit jobs, had little education, etc. I started to feel that I had to do any extra tasks around the house since I wasn't working, that I had to justify my time, that if anyone mentioned some temporary job I could do or a job that I could apply for that I had to do it. I felt that I had no choices. I also started to really feel resentful about the work I did politically (mostly shitwork for the paper) because it wasn't valued.

Mostly I felt useless and embarrassed.

From the perspective of the Sole Surviving Son (III-A)

We now realize that to have a collective supported mainly by one person's salary is destructive both to the breadwinner and the other women in the collective. It is so hard to free oneself from the pigshit of individual ownership or private property. We all at one time or another have felt guilty for using collective money to buy something we needed--like a pair of jeans, etc. But I believe I didn't feel it as much because it was my salary that supported us, and I knew I had a right to a pair of pants. I'm sure my sisters who did not have jobs, however, felt no such right. It is almost impossible to get away from the ethics of society, but budgeting and collective financial decisions would have made each of us feel we had more of a right to our money.

About the time our economic crisis set in, I began to feel like the father of a family, the sole breadwinner. I felt I had too much responsibility, and began having resentments against the inequality of things. I felt that anyone else could leave the collective except me, because then it would have no means of support. They resented me for having a job that would enable me to leave if I wanted to. I felt put upon that I earned the money and still had to clean house on Saturday, cook and wash dishes. This, of course, was pigshit. I was not giving the political work of my sisters any prestige value, but I felt too economically responsible for the collective to be able to see value in work that brought in no money. I was amazed at how male and fatherly I felt and I didn't like it.

At one collective meeting when we were discussing solutions to the problem of the non-working sisters feeling no prestige value from the collective, we considered going back to role playing. That housework which is necessary labor and therefore would have prestige value, should be done by the sisters who did not earn money for the collective. The reaction of everyone was that housework was still shit work and didn't have that much prestige value (especially to the sisters who don't value neatness) and that it would be terrible to relegate one person to that role. I had the opposite reaction knowing this solution would lessen my resentment and knowing also that being a person that values neatness I would give housework and the woman who did it a lot of appreciation and prestige value. But this was awful! Now I was reacting the way a husband must react to the little woman who cleans up his house. I've been very mixed up by the whole thing.

ISOLATION & OUTSIDE INFLUENCES

The women's collective formed around one basic issue and commitment--feminism--and indeed, before even that concept had been fully defined. Acquainted with one another only, in some cases, through attendance at women's liberation front business meetings, we planned (idealistically) in the beginning that we would use the living collective to fulfill a need to relate to a small intimate group of women in order to do disciplined study and growth and work. We believed that a commitment to women's liberation issues would allow us to relate to all and any woman, that prior life-styles, interests, influences would have minimal effects on our relationships with new sisters. In effect, we thought we could cast aside 20 years of another life upon entering the women's living collective.

Immediately after taking the house, we were faced with redefining our collective role, given that the restructuring of the women's liberation front into a cell system had fulfilled our need for small group relating. Because of the great amount of time and energy that we were putting into the new cells (publication project, setting up childcare centers, etc.) this redefinition of our collective role, I think, was never adequately done. Almost from the beginning we gave up the idea of working in and through the collective at other projects than simply making the house run, and began to view it as little more than an alternative living situation for women.

Not spending a great deal of time together in discussing various issues and various politics, early in the fall a crisis developed around the issue of childcare and the participation of males in it. Not wishing to over-emphasize this particular incident in the life of the collective, I , however, feel it to be a paradigmatic example of the extent to which members of the house had grown apart due largely to their experiences in political activities outside the house. The misunderstandings and passions that accompanied any discussion of childcare for those several weeks reflected the lack of communication among us, drew the first charges of "hard line politics", and in my mind, created serious divisions in not only the house but in wlf in general from which neither have ever completely recovered. The immediate implication of the childcare debates was distrust of one another and the creation of a tension that made, for one, the living collective a very uncomfortable place to live in. Needing support and respect for our differing ideas (and politics), a few women began going outside the collective to relate to other women, other groups, indeed, other men.

One does not just "go outside" and return unchanged. Either in leaving the house, we began to develop other interests--those of new friends--or even in staying in the house, we either began to withdraw from one another into safer parts of our lives. If these new interests or other aspects of our lives did not receive support from other house women, we again felt a need to "go outside" for support in those areas. Snowball.

I can remember one conversation I had with another woman, expressing to her my guilt for spending so much time outside the collective. Her response was: don't worry too much, no one is spending much time around here. On the one hand, that woman's remark was very good for me in that it erased an amount of guilt that is always a significant factor in how one relates to a situation. On the other hand, it told me that the collective spirit had not only vanished in me, but in all the other women. The situation at the present time is that every single woman is most significantly involved with someone(s) outside the house. Today, it is very easy for any one woman to have the feeling of abandonment from other women in the collective--in general or at any one single moment or evening. There was a discussion several weeks ago about forming a "friday night cell" which would plan activities for women who found themselves alone with nothing to do while other women were out having a good time. When one woman not involved questioned this, she was told that some women did not have a lot of outside friends; that after she had gone, she did not realize that some women were left feeling isolated inside the house.

Isolation. Part of this was caused by women outside the collective viewing us, incorrectly, as heavy women who didn't need or want them. They did not relate to the collective. Part of it was caused by women from the collective, who for one or another of many reasons, had split.

Isolation inside, from the collective, has taken two forms and I do not want to emphasize this too greatly because I believe there are altogether too many divi sions among women already. But for the moment distinguishing the two forms of isolation may be important to understanding (something). For here, this distinction might be what I have chosen to call the internal women and the external women.

(1) The internal woman is she who identifies primarily with the house, who is very involved with its activities, and who feels isolated from the outside because of her involvement.

(2) The external woman is she who is greatly involved in activities outside the house, either because of demanding work outside the house or because she prefers to spend more time relating to women outside the house. She may feel a sense of isolation from the workings of the house, from decisions that are made in her absence that she may not hear about except in some happenstance way.

Both of these forms of isolation have developed unabated because of the lack of discussion about them, prior to the writing of this article.

My feelings about these issues are mixed. On the one hand, I am terribly disappointed that we have failed to rectify and move beyond our present problems. On the other hand, my sense is that we did not adequately foresee the problems that arose, and when they did arise, we took them as isolated incidents. I have one theory that I do not , incidentally, like that might help explain one of our problems. I hope it will either be thrown out or refined; it is this: a woman, to become involved in the feminist movement at this early period of its development and acceptance, is probably a rather independently strong woman. (I really do hate this theory--it's elitist.) As she becomes involved she finds she must fight very hard for the things she believes are correct--and this fighting, again is on two fronts: contra-revisionism & toward furthering revolutionary thought and activities. She must become tough on herself and she must be tough on others (both hedging sisters and the general fucked-up outside). Creating a living space separated from the battle outside, only to have to live more aware of the battle inside ourselves, to never relax, to always mistrust ourselves and our sisters is a fucking hard job. I don't think any human being can indefinitely sustain this atmosphere. . . . . .

ON LOVIN

Since I have been "dealing" so well and so fast with so many ideas that grow within liberation, I felt that it would be easy to write an article for AIN'T I A WOMAN on the woman identified woman in relation to myself.

It's been a week since I first began to mull over my "assignment." During the week, I talked with gay and straight women, discovering that I have not dealt so well and so fast with this particular aspect of myself. The fact that I consider a part of me as gay does signify, at least, an acceptance of my bisexuality. I do not want to reject it. But, I am not yet sure how to handle the acceptance. I have many fears about homosexuality that I am still unable to articulate, especially to gay women.

I am not sure what a gay woman expects of me. I have felt during certain conversations that I cannot be fully accepted unless I am gay; that my politics are insincere because my life still includes men. And yet, there is a gay woman who has taught me to separate myself from the man and learn acceptance without him. This woman has not asked anything of me except that I be integrous to my own self. I love this woman and in this way I can feel my gayness.

Whether or not I will ever relate in a physically intimate way to a woman remains to be seen. At present, I have such strong feelings for so many new women--a vitality runs through me; and if this feeling is sexual at its core, then I am glad. I find myself relating to individuals and not to stereotypes of gay women. Perhaps my intellectual gayness will bring me to a physical relationship because politically I find males being discriminated out of my life. Tomorrow is insecure.

My doubts have stemmed from the fear that the "homosexual world" will be very much like the "heterosexual world" in which I live. I have experienced "male oppressiveness" in women and maybe that is because all of the "pigshit" is hard to eradicate and all of us tend to rely on the roles that society gives us or tries to keep from us instead of the people that we really are. I can empathize with that but I cannot handle it because that pigshit is what caused me the pain in the first place.

I am also influenced by the beautiful relationships. I see that gay alliances do not necessarily hinder other alliances. I love a woman who is involved in a gay relationship and yet I find more love than I thought possible returned. And I, in turn, feel no possessiveness towards her. It is so liberating to like the responses that come out of one's self.

I have other positive feelings about gay women. They seem to examine their motives and feelings more closely than heterosexual couples. After all, there's more at stake. There isn't any institution such as marriage to fall back into where one can always act as one is "expected" to.

Finally, because gay women seem to trust each other in important ways, I, too, have learned to trust women. Such strength. I have cleared more shit out of my head that I had filtered through a man's mind than seems possible. Because I have a clearer sense of where I'm going I have come to understand the power of patience. In the future I may meet a woman with whom I may learn to be gay through the love I have learned to give and accept on the basis of that specific individual.

And I guess that's where I am right now --whether heterosexual or homosexual, I am searching for an honest, intense, important relationship. This union may be with a woman because she is a woman and has my consciousness within her as I have hers in me.

What I fear is being rushed. I have come so far so fast that I must give myself the time that such heavy thinking and feeling requires in order to make it real and not just a novelty. I don't want being gay to become something I do because it's "right on."

Thank you, beautiful sisters, for your support. I am beginning to share your sorrow and your joy and perhaps someday your touch.

Undiscovered,
every sentence
your mouth eats
escapes
into itself.
You give me nothing
to hold
in my hand
but my fist opens
with the pressure
of you.
Every second
is victimized
by possibility.

I speak with certainty
yet I am humbled
by ineffable acceptance
of your body; your words,
sharp swift flak
of intangible flesh startle
me as your body
does not.

I push at walls
straining with
transparent joy:
I like that in myself.
The wisdom: you
are friend, secret lover,
enough as one,
maybe two.

How do yo
reveals her
thought was
relief," for
topic, both
months or mo

My second
mind at ease
this was for
for this co
we would hav
room, lying
from each o
there's noth
that would
is not exac
ity. (And
have for fr
for God's s
avoided; th
myself. Wh
feel about
relationshi
didn't talk
afraid to.

We didn'
cause Carri
that summer
the dorm th
bother me f
never felt
I knew she
the time, i
to graduate
tant, I lov

In other
nice, quiet
friend who
cally to wo

The big
of school s
my whole wo

NG WOMEN

How do you feel when your best friend
eals her homosexuality to you? My first
ught was "At last it's out. What a
ief," for we'd been waltzing around the
ic, both in some discomfort, for six
ths or more.

My second thought was to set Carrie's
d at ease because I knew how difficult
s was for her to tell me. (The setting
this conversation foretold the problems
would have later on: we were in my
m, lying on separate beds, facing away
m each other.) Anyway, I said, "Carrie,
re's nothing in the world you could do
t would make me stop loving you." Which
not exactly dealing with her homosexual-
. (And since when does the love you
ve for friends depend on what they do,
r God's sake?) So, one confrontation
ided; that confrontation being one with
self. What is homosexuality? How do I
l about it? How will it affect our
lationship? How do I react to it? We
dn't talk about any of this. I was
raid to.

We didn't see each other after that be-
use Carrie went back to Iowa, but during
at summer we decided to room together in
e dorm the next semester. This didn't
ther me for a number of reasons: I had
ver felt physically threatened by Carrie,
knew she wasn't involved with anyone at
e time, in my usual naive way I expected
graduate in February and, most impor-
nt, I loved and trusted her.

In other words, I expected to spend a
ce, quiet semester living with my best
iend who just happened to relate physi-
lly to women. What's the big deal?

The big deal was that the first month
school she fell in love with Alice and
whole world just fell in. I was apalled,
I was shocked, I was disgusted. Of course I didn't verbalize these feelings. I just got quieter and quieter, bitchier and bitchier, until I didn't really care whether we were friends or not. I was actually thinking things like "She just seduced this innocent younger woman, took advantage of her." These were the kind of thoughts I was having about someone I loved and trusted deeply.

By mutual consent we decided that if any of our friendship was to be salvaged, we had to get away from each other. (Actually, I had to get away from her. She was getting along fine; I had the problems.)

She moved out of our room and into a room with Alice on the floor below me. If this had been any other friend but Carrie I would have said "So long and farewell. You're not worth the pain I'm in." But I loved her and wanted and needed her friendship and so we continued to see each other.

Our separating was a good idea because it gave me a chance to get used to a new world without feeling pressured by time and space. I began to see the rightness and healthiness of their relationship and the other Lesbian relationships I was allowed to see. I felt comfortable enough, eventually, to be able to examine my initial reactions and face the threats I so strongly felt.

So let me deal with those threats now, three years later. Understand that I'm as honest as I'll allow myself to be and no more, and that I'm only able to put pen to paper because of you. I'm afraid but I'm not as afraid as I used to be.

I was threatened because Lesbianism was a totally new concept, or at least the things I knew about it society had taught me; hence my initial revulsion, disgust. Society is not a good teacher. So I went to the library. (Yes, I really did.) The books used words like "sickness" and "unnatural." No help there. (Political lesson #1: Books reflect the society and its sickness.)

Another reason I was threatened was that I was jealous. Right. I was afraid of losing someone dear to me. She seemed always to be in her room making love and I seemed always to be standing outside her door wondering whether to knock or not.

But the most threatening thing about Carrie's Lesbianism was how it reflected on me and my sexual orientation. Am I a Lesbian? The point is that I thought there was an answer to this question and I cared what it was. I didn't want the answer to be "yes".

Today, three years later, I don't think the answer matters to me personally. Politically, I have selected men out of my life, almost without my being aware of it. I always enjoyed sex with men but since I don't know many men anymore and since I've come to realize that there really is no such thing as an "apolitical fuck," (credit for this concept duly given to the first Women's Liberation conference I attended last year) there are very few men on my list of people to whom I go for love and support. So be it. This list is heavy with women -- straight women, married women, Lesbians, women. Non-threatening, non-judging, supportive women.

So that's how I came from that empty place to this incredibly crowded one -- crowded and noisy and nearly bursting with love for all of you. Oh, there are tears, and sadness, and doubt and loneliness. All of this, and more. But I have the keys now. Time, love, and you.

love to our leviathan sisters

LEVIATHAN PUBLICATIONS, INC
968 Valencia
San Francisco, Ca. 94110

Sisters and Brothers,

Leviathan has not published an issue since September, (Vol. II, #14); we are writing to tell you of our plans and sending along the enclosed broadside as a farewell "issue." We hope you will find it useful and will want to distribute it--we felt it important to provide information about the Indochina war that you might use in many ways.

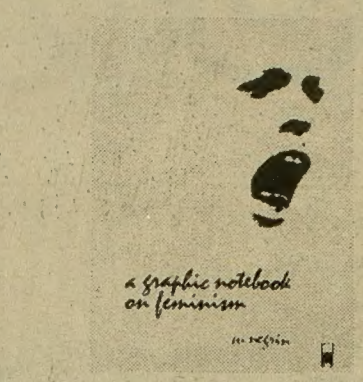
Over the last several months Leviathan, like many other groups and organizations, has undergone much internal struggle and change. What began as discussion of the magazine's format and conception led to questions of working relationships among the staff, in particular relationships between men and women who put out the magazine. As a result of that process our staff is now made up entirely (our decision) of women and among us are only two who had been with the magazine before September.

We understand that analysis and practice cannot be separated and therefore we envision a new magazine expressing analysis within the context of practice. Specifically, this means writing more about the movement in this country: what we are doing, what problems we have and the ways we are trying to deal with them. Hopefully, groups/collectives around the country would write about their work, making the magazine an outgrowth of people's work and thoughts. It also means that we do not see ourselves as journalists but as part of the women's movement putting together a magazine and at the same time being involved in other activities.

In the next few months we will be working on getting together a collective, (not collection), of women who will be able to put out issues on a regular basis. We're excited about starting all over again on what we think is a new and better basis, and hope that people will give us suggestions and information which could help us.

In the Spring, look for a new name and some new thoughts,

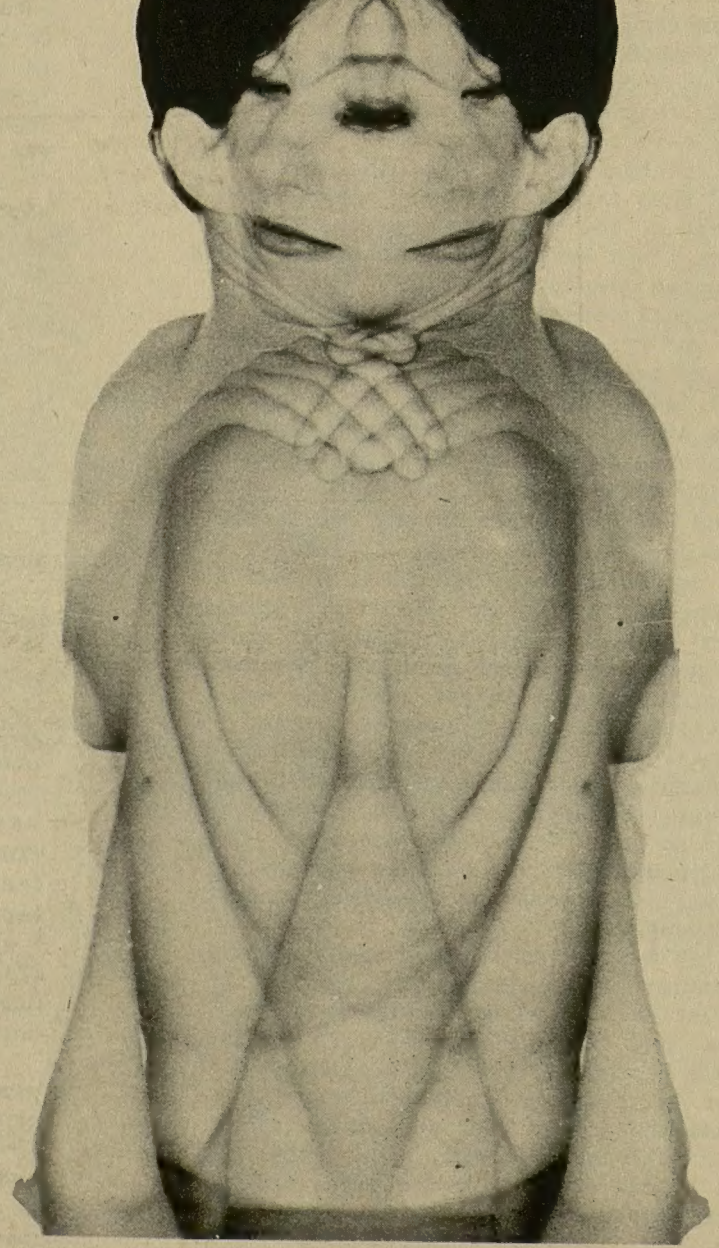
til then,
Leviathan sisters



Our apology to Su Negrin and Times Change Press for using the above graphics with out giving credit. They were taken from A Graphic Notebook on Feminism by Su Negrin, published by Times Change Press, 1023 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018. It costs $1.25.

floating.... and holding and touching

I feel like my mind is mostly floating
& all the important things are
stacked up over a mythical
foundation that I have
not found, that I did
not make on purpose
don't know what it looks like
but I probably saw it on a
television or front page
don't know its shape
but I know what it feels like
a lump in my throat
partial paralysis.
and I'm floating again
all my floating-arounds:
dreams and politics
wounds and images
drives and fetishes
poems and diatribes
music and syllables
feminine endings
floating isn't freedom



On a blackboard in the bathroom of a gay women's bar in Berkeley is written, "Why isn't holding and touching as important as coming?" Yet it isn't. We were raised in a society with fucked up sexual standards and none of us seem able to handle sex in any other terms. We radical lesbians who want to make a revolution for all women continue to fuck each other over because our heads are so full of shit about sex.

Sex is exclusive; there's no getting around it unless we can handle sexually relating to others in groups of threes, fours or more. How many of us haven't experienced being in a room where the sexual vibrations between two people increase and we want to look for someplace to run because the "couple" emanates "leave us alone"? What about trying to visit a friend and never so much as catching a glimpse of her because she's closeted up with her lover in an exclusive one-to-one sexual relationship?

We set up hierarchies of importance, of priorities. K. is more important to me than P. or N. because she's my lover. We tend to spend our time with those in priority, high on the list of sexual choice. Sex is more important almost anytime than talking to another sister, walking in the country, or just holding another sister. Why isn't holding and touching just as important as coming? I don't know.

I'm not knocking sex. Sexual intimacy with a woman is a beautiful thing. But we who would have a total revolution should try to develop new ways, unexploitive to other women, of relating sexually to our sisters. Our tight one-to-one relationships should be broken down. Sexual jealousy needs to be struggled with constantly. We should work on ways of relating sexually with more than just one person at a time. We need to re-examine our priorities just as this fucked up society does.

ain't I

Medicine for the People

special on women's liberation in the March issue of

international socialist review

monthly analysis of today's central political struggles

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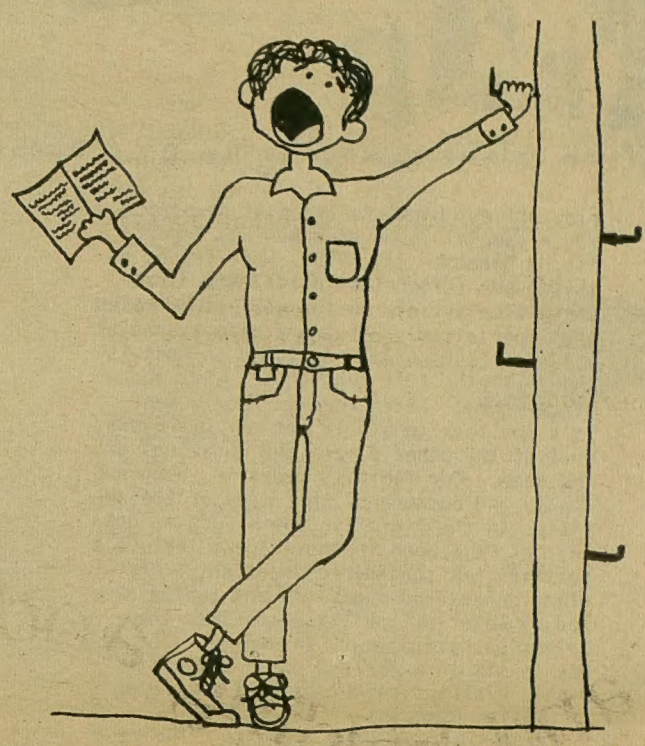
There's a FREE MEDICAL CLINIC on the 2nd floor of the River City Free Trade Zone at 121 E. College in down town Iowa City. It is open one evening a week, Friday from 7:00-11:00. It seems well staffed with qualified people--probably some doctors and nurses and some students. You can get free pelvics and pap smears. Also they have drugs availible free and some available at cost. They seem to be pretty thorough, from what little I know. They didn't fool around and just seemed to ask the necessary questions and do the necessary things. They were pretty friendly and the nurse was nice. You are asked to fill out a form with your name and address and a relative's name and address.



A WOMEN'S POETRY READING

Thursday, April 29 at 8:00
Shambaugh Auditorium

All women welcome to read their poetry

Sponsored by 20th Century Women Writers
An Action Studies Course

"That man over there say that a woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helped me into carriages, or over mud puddles, or gives me a best place...
And ain't I a women? Look at me. Look at my arm! I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me...
And ain't I a women? I could work as much and eat as much as a man when I could get it, and bear the lash as well...
And ain't I a woman? I have borned thirteen children and seen them most all sold off into slavery. And when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard...
And ain't I a woman?"

Sojurner Truth: Speech before the Woman's Rights Convention at Akron, Ohio in 1851.

Ain't I A Woman is published every three weeks by the Angry Independent Amazon Women P.O. Box 1169, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

We are a collective of eight women functioning as a world wide conspiracy of Radical Lesbians.

If your group wants to receive bundles of AIN'T I A WOMAN?, you can send 15¢ per copy (minimum bundle: 20 copies) in advance.

There will be a meeting to plan for a Women's Center for Iowa City on Friday April 9, 1971 at 1108 Finkbine Park at 8:00 pm. All women welcome!

BOSTON WOMEN UNITED is in the throes of putting out a new Feminist magazine, The Digging Stick. It will be a comprehensive magazine, wide in scope in its treatment of historical, political and theoretical issues and open to contributions from all our sisters. In order to make The Digging Stick a reality, we desperately need donations. For $10.00 we would be happy to give a line of acknowledgement and for $25.00 a block (an 1/8 of a page). Send checks to Boston Women United, 651 Concord Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

The National Conference of Women Law Students will hold its second annual conference on April 2,3,4, 1971 at the Univ. of Chicago Law School, 1111 E. 60th St., Chicago, Ill. The topic of the conference will be "Women and the Legal System" and will include discussions of the problems of women in the legal profession and the relation of law women to the women's movement. Speakers and workshops will deal with problems of job discrimination, abortion, prisons, divorce and other legal areas which are of concern to women. Call: (312) 752-7522.

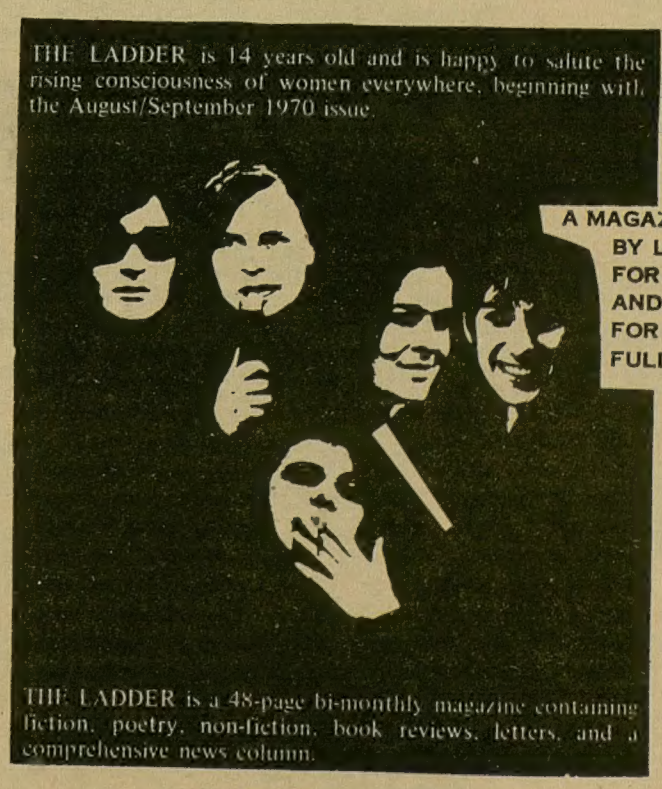
Association of Women Sociologists announces the existence of Sex Role Materials. ...If you need materials on sex roles for formulating new courses or supplementing existent courses on related courses, CONTACT: Shari Etzkowitz, AWS National Coordinator of Sex Role Curricula, Box 1113, Department of Sociology, Washington Univ., St. Louis, Mo. 63130. Please send $2.00 if you are ordering materials. If you have class outlines, bibliographies, syllabi, or other teaching materials, please share them with those formulating new courses in this area.

On April 24th, there will be a MARCH ON WASHINGTON/SAN FRANCISCO against the War. There will be a United Women's Contingent and a Gay Liberation Contingent. For more information: United Women's Contingent, 1029 Vermont Ave. NW, 8th floor, Washington, DC 20005 or phone: (202) 638-6601.

AIN'T I A WOMAN?

sub. $4.00
inst. $15.00

P.O. box 1169
iowa city, ia.
52240


THE LADDER is 14 years old and is happy to salute the rising consciousness of women everywhere, beginning with the August/September 1970 issue.
THE LADDER is a 48-page bi-monthly magazine containing fiction, poetry, non-fiction, book reviews, letters, and a comprehensive news column.

THE LADDER

P.O. BOX 5025
Washington Station
Reno, Nevada 89503

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED
BY LESBIANS
FOR LESBIANS
AND
FOR ALL WOMEN CONCERNED WITH
FULL HUMAN RIGHTS...

Sample copy, $1.25
$7.50 per year

Hanoi to Hoboken, a Round Trip Ticket.

Off Our Backs: Box 4859, Cleveland Park Station, Washington D.C. 20008.

Why the persistent enthusiasm for far away places and distant struggles with imperialism? Why travel to Hanoi when you can go to Hoboken and see the same show? Granted the costumes are native, the accents, New Jersey, the exotic touch is missing and you won't get napalm for an encore but the plot is still the same: Oppression.

There are a number of reasons why Hanoi fascinates so many women in our movement and why Hoboken is definitely a drag. Visiting Hanoi or Havana and writing articles on such a visit is one way to legitimatize our movement through participation in those areas that the white, middle class, male-left movement has designated as legitimate. It shows that we women are reaching out beyond what the male left defines as "Women's issues" to what they define as the "important" issues. Women's issues are not important. It is inconceivable to think of a male left heavy going to Hoboken to study how lack of child care facilities oppresses poor women.

I am not for one minute announcing that U.S. imperialism is not a concern of the Women's Liberation Movement. The struggle of our Vietnamese sisters is anything but frivolous, but the way in which many American women approach that struggle is both imitative and frivolous.

When our Vietnamese sisters throw out the invader they will have yet another war on their hands, the war against sexism in their own society. But right now those women are fighting for their lives. Here in Amerika many women are also fighting for their lives, there are no bombers but the struggle is just as relentless and deadly--we are the poor, the Black, the Latin and the Lesbian. We aren't exotic and we aren't remotely glamorous. The male left is not concerned with us although it will make token statement for the benefit of Black males concerning racism (the Black woman is supposedly incorporated in the Black male.) By flying to Hanoi, you win the attention of the male left. By working in Hoboken you attract no attention at all and by working with Lesbians you are quickly dismissed as irrelevant and sick.

Another reason why Hanoi is such a beacon for revolutionary moths: you can return to the U.S. and rip off the liberals with speaking tours, books, movies, etc. on your experiences there. That's not to say that all who go to Hanoi are rip offs, nor are all who go eager for male left approval, but enough are to make it a problem. Unfortunately, poverty and woman oppression are not so lucrative a profession despite recent attempts by the establishment media to cash in on these oppressions.

If you worked in Hoboken, who would be grateful but the women in Hoboken--women who have no power to bestow prestige or money on anyone.

What I am getting at is this: It's easier to worry about far away problems than our problems here at home. Not only is it easy, it's comfortable because the problems here at home might possible be cleared up if we worked at clearing them up. How far would Ho Chi Minh have gotten if he had run all over the globe to witness other forms of imperialism? By concentrating on imperialism abroad we use quantities of energy that could be used here, like setting up health clinics. In other words, the priorities of the anti-imperialist women are ass backwards. For example, off our backs, a feminist newspaper, ran a special issue on Women and Imperialism on December 31, 1970. Most issues of this paper (after the initial six issues) carry some article on the subject of women and imperialism. Has there been a special issue on Lesbianism? Articles in most issues? Plain, flat, ugly, No. What about Black women? Latin women? Poor women? It's not fair to single out off our backs, most of the other papers and magazines are the same. Our feminist media is young and wobbly and because of that many of the articles in the big city papers such as oob and Rat have been in those areas that male politics has considered important. The other papers and magazines not contaminated by male left politics confined themselves to heterosexual interests. The media is simply a reflection of the white, middle class, straight bias of the Women's Liberation Movement itself.

Imperialism begins at home. The best place to fight imperialism is at its center. Let's stab the monster in its heart rather than slapping its fingertips.

Imperialism, racism and the attendant disregard for human life (change that to all forms of life) spring from sexism. Way back in the dim mists of prehistory when man beat down, degraded and enslaved women he clearly showed his career preferences. In degrading woman he degraded himself. Once the initial inhumanity was committed it was a simple matter to progress step by step to today. History is man remembering the subsequent degradations of other men over time. He degraded us at such an early age that he has practically forgotten it and derives little satisfaction from it in a political sense although he gets a great deal out of it personally. The real glory is in shitting on other men. To fight The Man we don't need to go to Hanoi, we fight him right here.

Let's be clear in our priorities ideologically (pragmatics will follow later in the paper) and focus our energies on the destruction of sexism rather than scatter our energies all over the globe on the latter stages of sexism known as imperialism. By fighting here, which is the current international center of the latter stages of sexism known as imperialism, we help our Vietnamese sisters. Any attention we can draw away from our sisters gives them more time to breathe. In practical terms, we cannot do more. We cannot launch an armada to join them in combat. We can express solidarity, which we have done, and we can do our best to keep in communication with our Vietnamese sisters, relating their experiences and struggle to American women and vice versa.

It does us and the Vietnamese women no good if we join the male left in desultory protest. Women have tried that for a number of years and the government's response is the dreary, well known, no response. Uncle Sam knows how to ward off anti-imperialists, after all he's had nearly 200 years experience. But he's not so ready for anti-sexists. While he's got his arms up fighting the NLF abroad and protestors at home, let's grab him in the crotch and make him howl.

Vietnamese women understand that howl. They told Charlotte Bunch when she visited Viet Nam in 1970 that Amerikan women must exercise power. The cruel irony is that the Vietnamese women take us more seriously than we take ourselves. And isn't that the key to woman oppression: We have internalized The Man's definition of women and do not take ourselves seriously. Neither do we take other women seriously so we shit on the Lesbian who in many cases does take other women seriously. We write a lot and we talk a lot and we cry a lot. Unless I am completely without perception, I don't think writing, talking and crying have yet produced a mass movement of political power.

I'd like to present what I believe are the first steps to political power. Since I am only one woman I can hardly present this as a comprehensive program in the first phase of our revolution. If this remains my idea then it isn't even a first step, it's a retreat from responsibility. If the ideas spark further ideas in your head and you share it and build with other women, then we will all get somewhere.

I: WORK PROJECTS

Women with economic privilege, whether straight or lesbian, Black or white or Latin, should organize to meet the survival needs of women without economic privilege. This means food distribution centers, child care centers, health care centers, self-defense programs and halfway houses for women in transition or without adequate housing. If you have special skills such as editorial abilities, mechanical or medical knowledge, anything, set up a teaching program and share it. These projects will take time and work as well as patience and understanding with yourself. The women whose needs you will be meeting may have no feminist consciousness at all. Don't look down on them. It's hard to have consciousness of anything when you are hungry. You will need a great deal of patience with yourself to really get in touch with this kind of oppression and why you have ignored it in the past.

Together with these work projects goes structured, disciplined consciousness raising. This process helps women get in touch with their distinctive oppression. The Black woman learns to understand racism in a political sense rather than just in a personal sense. She can begin to see the intimate connection between racism and sexism through testimony with her sisters. The Lesbian recognizes Lesbian oppression from the male culture and from heterosexual women. She begins to understand how this supposed individual trait, choice of sex partner and life style, is an attack on the Amerikan political structure. And so it goes, each woman learns from another woman how her particular life is a reflection of and a response to the dominant, white, rich, male culture and after that the sub-culture she herself lives in. Each woman learns that her life is a political life and by examining that life each woman learns the mechanics of oppression. Once you know how something works you can begin to fix it or fight it.

II: RE-EDUCATION

This is partly done through consciousness-raising but it must be transmitted on a large scale through the feminist media. If we are serious in our work, we can only trust our own feminist media and we can relate only to that media. That media needs to be expanded. Each city needs its own newspaper. We also need other forms of media--films, slide shows, music, etc. If you start a paper, concentrate on your locality. Local news is immediate. Women can identify with what happens in their own city and in the lives of people like themselves.

Washington To WhatCheer* one way

When we saw an article by Rita Mae Brown in the latest issue of Off Our Backs, we were delighted. Delighted because she has always been strongly feminist and woman identified, but also because this particular article was a questioning of the Anti-Imperialist Women's Movement--a political direction that we have always questioned in AIAW.

During our discussion on whether to reprint it or not, we all admitted feeling alittle hurt and slighted that she had not thought to send the article to AIAW. We knew very well, however, the reasons: 1) Rita Mae Brown is from the East and most people in the East wouldn't think that the Midwest (if they ever do think about the Midwest) has heard of Women's Liberation and therefore probably don't know about Ain't I A Woman? 2) If they have heard of AIAW then they probably don't read it. 3) And if they read it, they probably don't listen to what we are saying. In other words we are invisible. We certainly were invisible to Rita Mae Brown when in the article she accuses the Women's Press of slighting the less glamorous issues such as lesbianism, class and race in the face of the easily handleable topic of anti-imperialism. We began in our first issue thinking about lesbianism and we are still (turn to pages 6-7). We have continually shunned male politics and instead have devoted our time to analyzing classism and racism in the Women's Movement and struggling to rid AIAW of any such bias. In other words we have painstakingly begun the task of analyzing female culture and the Women's Movement and what direction both should go. We reprint Rita Mae Brown's article because we feel it is another small step in that analysis.

Rita Mae Brown's critism of the women's media in regard to the issue of lesbianism will continue to be valid if papers that do consistently deal with it, such as It Ain't Me Babe and Ain't I A Woman?, are ignored. Most of the feedback we've gotten regarding our continual struggle with that issue has been negative, and some encouragement from people like herself who agree with us as to its importance would help keep us going.

None of the writing we have done on lesbianism has been reprinted. Ironically, we have only had one article we've done deemed good enough for reprint by eastern and western newspapers. It was our Men's Page (predictable) containing things for men to do to raise their consciousness. It was probably the most frivolous thing we have ever done and definitely the worst politically.

* what cheer, Iowa; population: 956.

Be local and serve the needs of your women if you want to touch their lives. If you carry articles of international feminist events, be sure to help your readers see how this affects their own lives.

III: LESBIANISM

Before our movement can advance as a political force with a coherent women's ideology (not something borrowed from the male left) we need to completely analyze Lesbianism. This is the touchstone of our self-image, the mirror of our oppression and is such an intense experience that it cuts across racial and class barriers. Living communes hinge on this issue as does all subsequent feminist analysis of sexism.

Lesbianism is the one issue that deals with women responding positively to other women as total human beings worthy of total commitment. It is the one area where no male can tread. It is also the one area that demands deep self-criticism. To hide from this question is to hide from yourself. To hide from this question is to doom the movement to a pale imitation of existing leftist ideologies--ideologies that may have served the needs of dedicated men in Russia in 1997, in China in the 40's, but which cannot and do not serve the needs of women today.

Lesbianism is important structurally because confronting it will help us develop techniques we can use to deal with other differences. Every woman can confront the issue of Lesbianism because she has the potential to be a Lesbian. It is more difficult to confront class and racial differences because there is not that commonality. One does not transcend race and class--you can only come to a clear understanding of those differences in your own life and then use that understanding in conjunction with women from different classes and races to build a solid politic. Lesbianism is the great gut issue, it touches every one of us. If we learn how to deal with such an explosive issue constructively (which we are in the process of doing) then we will have the tools to deal with the other two explosive issues: Race and Class. Lesbianism will provide us with the individual and group skills for constructive confrontation, for struggle, for progress. In other words, we need a foundation to build our house upon and this issue gives us our ideological and technical foundation. We cannot unify unless we deal with this issue first.

Those three steps make up what I see as the first phase toward seriousness and toward real change in the lives of all women. Many of us can see beyond this first phase, but we must accomplish these goals before we can move on. They aren't easy goals, maybe that;s why we are tempted to concentrate on distant places. The first step involves nothing less than meeting the survival needs of all women. But we must do this or the Women's Liberation Movement is destined to stay a white, middle class, heterosexual movement--physically and psychically. If you want to see what comes of that, visit the Women's Party at 144 Constitution Ave., Washington, D.C., the graveyard and the shrine of the last great wave of white, middle class, heterosexual feminism.

To advocate other goals at this time, like world wide revolution is to slip from from the serious and pragmatic to the imgined and fantastic. We can have women united across the globe but we must start somewhere and that somewhere is with the abovementioned measures, unglamorous though they may be. If we do not commit ourselves to this serious work, if we indulge ourselves in "right on" rhetoric, we create a preposterous lie and its twin, cynicism. The only people capable of living with that kind of unreality will be our self-ordained leaders who have need of the illusion to inflate the ego, who have need of the liturgy for a grim, old form revolution and its heavy death wish. We must begin to achieve concrete results with our energy or we will, as a movement, lapse into disbelief in our own capabilities and our political effectiveness will be limited to a few, self-indulgent media stars trotted out by the male establishment in an orgy of tokenism.

We must begin to achieve these concrete ends in order to test ourselves. We will learn a great deal from these early projects--self-reliance, pride and organizational skills. If the management of the state were in our hands tomorrow we would not be ready for it. We must train to handle political responsibility for our own lives and other lives through these kind of outreach projects. You learn by doing. Do it. We will all do it together. This first step is the hardest because because we have so few models or examples for it, another reason why it is so crucial.

So we have a lot to learn from a visit to Hanoi, we learn we have to come home to Hoboken. Let's take ourselves seriously and seriously support our sisters in Viet Nam who do believe in us. Let's begin the slow and tedious labor here in our won backyard that will eventually change the world.

by Rita Mae Brown

ABORTION INFORMATION

Women's Counseling Service

808 EAST FRANKLIN AVENUE
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55404
TELEPHONE 339-5479 339-3335

TUES. WED. THURS. NOON TO 9 P. M.
FRIDAY & SATURDAY NOON TO 6 P. M.

As far as the abortion contacts: we recommend Manhattan Medical for an early abortion in New York. We have nothing to recommend for 12-14 week pregnancies. For the last year we had been using Los Angeles and Chicago underground for d&c's, but we have had too many infections come back and thus discontinued them last week. So we have nothing to offer between 12-16 weeks as of today. Between 16-20 a woman can always get a saline but they always cost a fortune because they involve a hospital stay. Dr. Sinnreict is as good and as cheap as any.

VACUUM ASPIRATOR ABORTIONS UNDER TWELVE WEEKS FROM LAST MENSTRUAL PERIOD:

East Side Medical Group
133 East 73rd St., Manhattan, NYC
phone: 1-212-249-3122
$165-$200
Good clinic; has huge patient load.

Midwest Medical Group (Doctor Keenan)
5520 Medical Center Road, Madison, Wisc.
phone: 1-608-274-1944

Good place but very difficult to get into.

Manhattan Medical Group $150
136 125th st. West, Manhattan, NYC
during office hours: 1-212-666-7427

all inclusive including transporation from clinic, sympathetic to Women's Liberation Located in the heart of Harlem. Wonderful contacts. Operated by Black people. Fee airport to clinic and back.

FOR SALINE ABORTIONS (SALINE INJECTION;BETWEEN 16-20 WEEKS FROM LAST MENSTRUAL PERIOD):
Dr. Sinnreicht $450+$100 for emergency
Manhattan, NYC
Park Chester Hospital (Park Avenue off Westchester)
Call 1-212-589-2233 and talk with Monica Steiner, his secretary, for information and appointment.

Are you on the Pill?

There are many different brands of the birth control pill. You should use a brand containing the least possible amount of estrogen.

Estrogen and progesterone are the two female hormones that make up all birth control pills.

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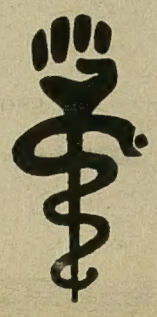
- **Ortho-Novum 1/50**
- **Ovral**

(all registered trademarks)

To ensure your own health while on the Pill:

1. **Have a gynecological examination at least once a year.**
2. **Use a brand of the Pill that contains not more than .05 milligrams of estrogen in each tablet.**

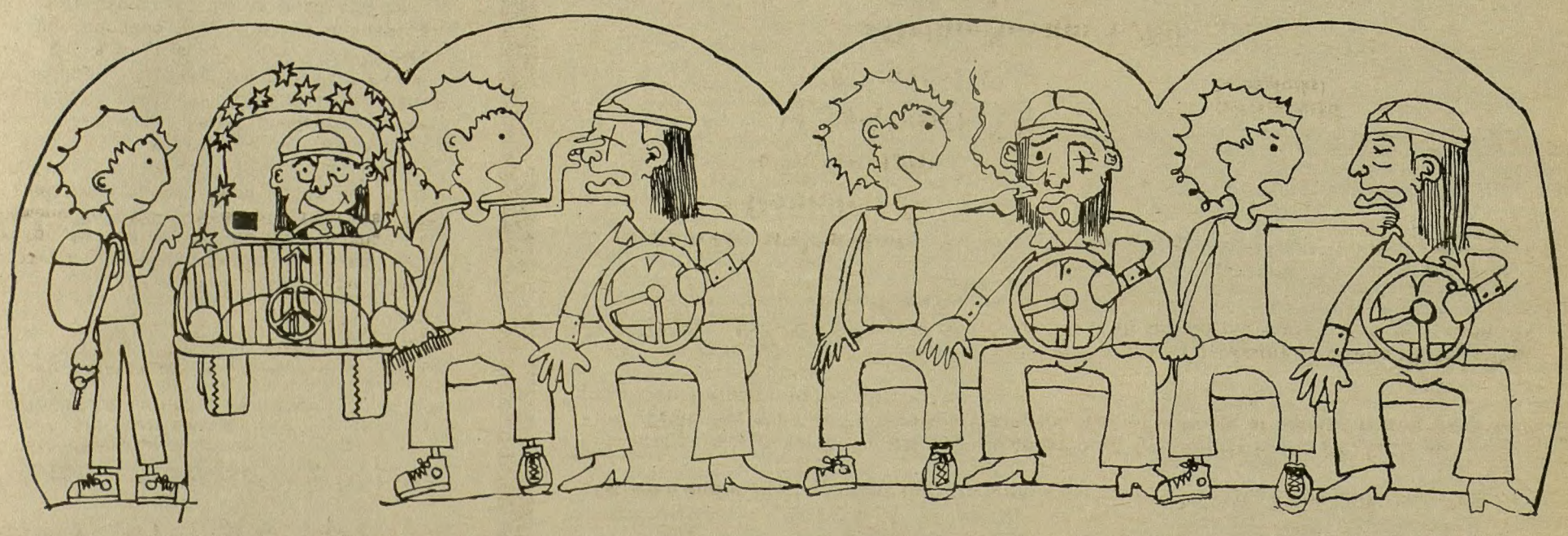


For further information, contact:

or

Birth Control Handbook
P.O. Box 1000, station "G"
Montréal 130, Québec, Canada
phone: (514) 844-5838

Self-Defense For Hitchhiking



When you are hitchhiking, be prepared. Don't get into a car with more than one male. Look them over. Carry your comb or your keys ready in your hand. A key jabbed in his eye or a comb scraped across the ear, throat or eye is a good defense.

If he grabs your leg or groin, don't bother to push away his hands. Either grab his little finger and yank it back to break it or jab him in the eyes: Using your first two fingers as prongs. Bend your middle finger so there will be equal contact and with a quick snake-like motion of your forearm jab him in the eyes.

Don't waste your energy in useless ways like beating on his chest or trying to wriggle free from a bear hug. When you get into the car, light up a cigarette. It is a useful weapon. If you get into trouble, put your cigarette out in his face.

Another defense is the knuckle punch to the neck. Curl the first two joints of your fingers down so that the third section of your fingers makes a flat surface with the back of your hand. Drive your knuckles into your attacker's wind pipe. Or drive the palm of your hand up into his nose.